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lived, as did many others, on the south side of the hill, while the shops of the village were principally on the north side. The path through the garden of the big house was a thoroughfare for those passing over the hill, and Nettie took it. She did not raise her eyes from a long fit of musing till she stood in front of the house; then the light from the drawing-room windows, striking across her path, made her look up. One look, and she stood as if nailed to the spot.

It was a cruel scene for her loving heart that was passing in that gaily furnished room. Mr. Rivers was standing by the fire-place, and Emily Loftus was before him. Some tale of interest his eager lips were telling, for she listened with flushed cheeks and quivering lip till he opened his arms to enfold her in a long close embrace. Then the door opened, and the rest came in. Emily sprang to her mother's side, telling some new-found happiness, and then, as the group closed round Mr. Rivers, Nettie, with a cry of pain, ran forward with a fearful speed homeward. Home! home, to shut herself close in her little room, and pour forth her bitter woe in choking sobs. She had so loved, so trusted him, that it seemed as if she could not bear this proof of faithlessness and live. The long night passed without one hour of sleep.

How wildly and blindly she had loved him! many nights before, she had lain awake to think of him; but then it was to recall his soft, sweet voice, as it murmured low cadences of poetry, or in clear clarion tones taught her to sing some favorite ballad, praising her bird-like voice. It was to think of his goodness, his kind care in his profession, and wonder how he could love so ignorant and simple a country girl as herself.

Now she felt bitterly that, while she had been loving with all the fervor of her warm, impulsive heart, he had been trifling, testing perhaps his powers of pleasing. The morning found her pale and weary, but with the innate pride of womanhood she rose, resolved that he should not triumph over her whom he had slighted and injured.

She was in the dining-room when he entered, and she fairly started when she saw his face. All the gravity, the half sadness which had always marked it, was gone, and in its place shown a joy that was radiant. Never had his face lighted with such a smile as he then gave her; crossing the room to take her hand in a warm, cordial pressure.

"Can you give me an hour after breakfast?" he asked; "I have something to tell you, Nettie."

Never had his voice dwelt with such lingering fondness upon her name. Was he about to make her the confidante of his love? She believed this; yet she could smile and say, "Certainly!"

His impatience to tell was as great as was her dread of listening, for he hurried through the meal, and then, not speaking of her untouched cup and plate, he took her little cold hand and led her into the parlor.

"Nettie," he said, as soon as he had seated himself beside her, "I am going to tell you who I am!"

Nettie opened her large blue eyes.

"Yes," said he, laughing, "I understand your look. I am Dr. Rivers, medical practitioner of this lovely village of Linwood; but this is not all. My father died when I was but ten years old, leaving my mother a widow with five children—two sisters older than myself, one sister and a brother younger. Between this young sister and myself

there was the strongest tie of love, and we were from babyhood almost inseparable. When my father had been some two years dead, my mother married again, and then my misery commenced. I cannot tell you all the persecutions my stepfather lavished upon me, simply because I was the only one who opposed my mother's marriage. To her he was a kind husband, he was proud of my beautiful sisters, and my brother was too young to cross him; but his hatred of myself was one of the ruling passions of his life. I was a high-spirited, passionate boy, and my patience was soon exhausted. Daily my father's anger was visited upon me for some petty fault, till, driven desperate by persecution, I ran away from home.

"For two years my life was passed in the metropolis, working hard for my bread; but ultimately my health gave way, and I became the inmate of one of the public offices. I was very ill, but from that illness dates the change in my life.

"Dr. Rivers was one of the warmest-hearted, most eccentric old bachelors that ever lived. Something in his forlorn little patient interested him, and he soon won my confidence. But I will not weary you with the history of our friendship. Suffice it to say that I rose from that sick bed to become the adopted son of the doctor. He was wealthy, and had me educated in his own profession. Before he took me home he exacted from me a promise that I would never return to my stepfather, and I willingly gave it. Upon his death I became, by his will, heir to his property, and, having a strong love for my profession, sought out a quiet home, where I could at once enjoy my practice and the delight of country life.

"And now, Nettie, comes the happy part of my story. I have found my mother, sisters and brother free from the tyrant who made my boyhood so wretched. I was afraid they would never forgive the prodigal who so suddenly and selfishly left them and for weeks I dared not speak. Last night, however, my sister spoke so tenderly, so regretfully of the brother whom she had lost, that I could keep silence no longer. I shall never take the name they have all adopted; but my mother is Mrs. Loftus, and my sisters are your friends."

Happy little Nettie! Spite of herself, the joy she felt would spring up to her expressive face, the dimpling smile to her lip, the color to her cheek. And when, in a more tender, earnest tone, the doctor preferred a suit near to his heart, there did not live in Linwood a prouder, happier little maiden than Nettie. With the frank simplicity of a child, she told him all her doubts and misery of the past few weeks, receiving reiterated assurances of his faithful love.

It was a happy evening—the one that followed this confidence. In the drawing room of the big house the newly-found brother brought the blushing little Nettie to his mother, sisters and brother as a claimant for love, and most cordially was she welcomed.

They were all standing round the piano when Emily struck the first chords of a duet from "Martha."

"Ah, Emily!" said her brother, "when you played that once before, little did you imagine that I was longing to rush at you like a maniac, and clasp you in my arms."

"You certainly showed it in your eyes," said Nettie, in a low tone, that reached his ear only. "From that duet dates all my dream of misery."

"And my hope of happiness," he replied, softly, "dates from those powerful chords."

FEARFUL PERIL.

Mr. Carl Steinman visited Mount Hecla, in Iceland, just before its terrible eruption in 1845, and the following is his narrative of a fearful adventure which happened to him upon that sublime and desolate elevation:

"Having procured a guide I set off, at an early hour, on the morning following my arrival at Salsum (at the foot of the extinct volcano) praying for fair weather, good luck, and a safe return.

"The scenery, even from the first, was so different from any I had ever seen outside of Iceland as to be worthy of a better description than I am able to give. Suffice it to say that, as you push on, ascending summit after summit on your way to the great and awful centre of all, you find the danger, dreariness, and desolation increase to the most terrible sublimity, till at last, when you do finally stand on the highest point in this unliving world of chaos, you instinctively pray God, with an icy shudder shivering through your miserable frame, to restore you to the life you seem to have left for ever behind you.

"Oh, how shall I attempt to convey to any mind the awful scene of desolation that surrounded me when at last I stood more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea, on the highest peak of the barren Hecla! Six mortal hours—three on horseback and three on foot—had I been clambering upward from the world below; and now, among the very clouds that rolled and swept around me, I stood in a world of lava mountains, ice and snow—the lava black as midnight, the snow of blinding whiteness—and not in all that region a tree, a brush, a shrub, a blade, or even a solitary living thing, excepting self and guide. Far as the eye could reach, when the moving clouds permitted me to see, was a succession of black, rugged hills, snow-crowned peaks, glistening glaciers, and ice-bound streams, into whose inanimate solitudes no human foot had ever penetrated—a world without plant or life—the very desolation of desolation—filled with yawning chasms, dreadful abysses and midnight caves, which had never echoed any sounds but the thunders of heaven, and the groanings and convulsions of earth. So wild and terrible was the scene, that I felt a strange thrill, like madness, rush through my shivering frame, and quiver about my dizzy brain, and I shouted to break the stillness of death, and heard my voice come dismally back in a hundred echoes, till it seemed to be lost at last in the bowels of the unproductive earth.

"Wrapping one of the blankets about me, to protect me from the freezing cold, and cautiously using my pointed stick to try every foot of ground before me, I now began to move about over blocks and heaps, and hills of lava, and across narrow chasms, and pitfalls, and patches of snow and ice, my faithful guide keeping near, and often warning me to be careful of my steps. In this manner I, at length, ascended a ridge of considerable elevation, stumbling my way to the top, and now and then, displacing fragments

of lava, that rolled crashing down behind me. As yet I had seen no signs of the mouth of the crater which, eighty years before, had vomited forth its terrific and desolating streams of melted black sand; but on reaching the summit of this ridge, I looked down into a sort of basin, open at the lower side, and having three or four deep seams or chasms in its centre, into which the melting snow and ice on its sides were running in small streams. A peculiar and not very agreeable odor came up with a thin, smoky vapor, and I fancied I could hear a distinct sound, something between a gurgle and a rumble.

"I suppose this is the original crater," I said, turning to the guide.

"The fellow was as pale as death, and every feature expressed surprise allied to fear.

"What is the matter?" I quickly demanded; "have you never seen this spot before?"

"I have seen this place before, master," he replied, "but never anything like this. When I was here last there was no hollow here, but only a level plain of snow and ice."

"Indeed!" exclaimed I, feeling strangely interested; "what, then, do you infer? that there is about to be a fresh eruption?"

"I fear so, master; what else can have caused this change? You see there is heat below, which has melted the thick glacier, and only a few streaks of ice now remain about the upper part of the sides, while all the center is gone."

"And the ground here has a slight feeling of warmth, too!" I rejoined, as I bent down and laid my hand upon it.

"Let us leave, master!" returned the fellow, hurriedly, looking around with an expression of alarm. "I do not like to remain here—we may be destroyed at any moment. Let us hasten down and report what we have seen."

"Nay," said I, feeling strangely interested and fascinated by the perilous novelty, "I do not think there is any immediate danger, for the snow and ice, as is plain to be seen, have melted slowly; and before I go away, never to return. I should like to venture into this basin and look down into one of those chasms."

"Oh, no, master!" replied the guide, with nervous anxiety; "do not do it! it might cost you your life!"

"At least I will risk it, if you will agree to wait for me!" said I, fully determined on the venture, even though I were to go without his consent.

"I will wait, he answered; 'but remember, master, you go down against my advice.'

"The crater or hollow was about fifty feet in depth, with gently sloping sides; and using my pointed stick with the greatest care, I forthwith began the descent, often stopping to try the temperature of the lava with my hand, and finding it gradually grow warmer as I proceeded, though not sufficiently so to excite any alarm. In a short time I reached the bottom, and stood on the verge of one of the seams or chasms, which opened far, far down into the heart of the mountain. It was about four feet in width, zigzag in shape, and emitted strongly the peculiar odor before mentioned. A small, trickling stream, from a melting layer of ice above, was running

into it; but I could only see that it was lost in the deep darkness below, from which came up a kind of hissing, boiling, gurgling sound, with something like a rumbling shock at slight intervals, and gentle puffs of heated air.

"The place, the scene, and withal the sense of danger connected with it, held me there with a sort of magnetic attraction, and I soon found myself strongly tempted to make a fatal plunge into the awful abyss. Knowing by experience that reason is not always able to govern and control the actions in such cases, I forced myself back a few feet, but still remained near the opening, deaf to the entreaties of my frightened guide, who now began to implore me to return before it should be too late. As the dread volcano had not been in action for more than thirty years before his birth, I believed that he could know no more of the danger than myself, and therefore preferred to act from the dictates of my own feelings rather than his fears; and as I was to pay him well for his services, I felt but little disposed to be hurried from a place which had cost me so much time, money and trouble to visit.

"Giving no heed, therefore, to his earnest solicitations, I now resolved to sound, if possible the depth of the chasm before me, and then proceed to inspect the others; and for this purpose I pried off from a larger one a small block of lava, and advancing to the very edge of the chasm, dropped it down, and listened to the hollow reverberations, as it went bounding from side to side, long after it was lost to the eye. The depth was so immense that I heard it for more than a minute, and then the sound seemed rather to die out from distance than to cease because of the block having reached its destination. It was an awful depth, and fearfully impressed me with the terrible; and as I drew back with a shudder, a gust of hot, sulphurous air rushed and roared upward, followed by a steam-like vapor, and a heavy, hollow sound, as if a cannon had been discharged far down in the bowels of the earth.

"This new manifestation of the powers of Nature fairly startled me into a desire for flight, and I had already turned for the purpose, when suddenly there came a sort of rumbling crash, and the ground, shaking, heaving, and rolling under me, began to crumble off into the dread abyss. I was thrown down, and, on my hands and knees, praying God for mercy, was scrambling over it and upward, to save myself from a most horrible fate, when two blocks, rolling together, caught my feet and legs between them, and without actually crushing, held them as if in a vice. Then came another crash and crumble, the lava slid away from behind me, and I was left upon the very verge of the awful gulf, now widened to some fifteen or twenty feet, down into which I looked with horror-strained eyes, only to see darkness and death below, and breathe the almost suffocating vapors that rushed up from that seemingly bottomless pit.

"Oh, the horrors of that awful realization! what pen or tongue can portray them?—there a helpless but conscious prisoner, suspended over the mouth of a black and heated abyss, to be

hurled downward by the next great throes of trembling Nature.

"Help! help! help! for the love of God, help!" I screamed, in the very agony of a wild despair.

"I looked up and around to catch a glimpse of my guide; but he was gone, and I had nothing to rely on but the mercy of Heaven; but I prayed to God, as I had never prayed before, for a forgiveness of my sins, that they might not follow me to judgement. It might be a second, it might be a minute, it might be an hour, that I should thus have to undergo a living death; but be the time long or short, I felt there was no escape from a doom that even now makes me grow pale and shudder when I think of it. Above me was a clear blue sky—beneath me a black and horrible abyss—around me sickening vapors that made my brain grow dizzy. Rumbling and hissing sounds warned me that another convulsion might occur at any moment, and another would be the last of me. Home and friends I should never see again, and my tomb would be the volcanic Hecla! I strove, with the madness of desperation, to disengage my imprisoned limbs, but I might as well have attempted to move a mountain. There I was fixed and fastened for the terrible death I was awaiting. Oh, God of mercy! what a fate!

"Suddenly I heard a shout; and, looking around, I beheld, with feelings that I can never describe, my faithful guide hastening down the rugged sides of the crater to my relief. He had fled in terror at the first alarming demonstration, but had nobly returned to save me, if possible, by risking his life for mine. May God reward him as he deserves!

"I warned you, master," he said, as he came up panting, his eyes half starting from his head, and his whole countenance expressing commingled terror and pity.

"You did! you did!" cried I; "but oh! forgive and save me!"

"You are already forgiven, master, and I will save you if I can—save you or perish with you,"

"Instantly he set to work with his iron pointed stick to break the lava around my limbs, but had scarcely made any progress when again the earth trembled, and the blocks parted, one of them rolling down into the yawning chasm with a dull, hollow sound. I sprang forward—I seized a hand of the guide—we both struggled hard, and the next moment we had both fallen, locked in each other's arms, upon the solid earth above. I was free, but still upon the verge of the pit, and any moment we might both be hurled to destruction.

"Quick, master!" cried the guide; "up! up! and run for your life!"

"I staggered to my feet, with a wild cry of hope and fear, and half supported by my faithful companion, hurried up the sloping sides of the crater. As we reached the ridge above, the ground shook with a heavy explosion; and looking back, I beheld with horror a dark, smoking pit, where we had so lately stood.

"And then, without waiting to see more, I turned and fled over the rough ground as fast as my bruised limbs would let me. We reach:

ed our horses in safety, and hurrying down the mountain, gave the alarm to the villagers, who joined us in our flight across the country till a safe distance was gained. Here I bade adieu to my faithful guide, rewarding him as a man grateful for the preservation of his life might be supposed to do.

"A few days later, when the long-extinct Hecla was again convulsing the island, and sending forth its mighty tongues of fire and streams of melted lava, I was far away from the sublime and awful scene, thanking God I was alive to tell the story of my wonderful escape from a burning tomb."

A PAINTER'S REVENGE.—After Gainsborough's introduction to court, commissions for portraits flowed in so fast that, with all his rapidity of execution and untiring industry, he was unable to satisfy the impatience of some of his sitters. One gentleman lost his temper, and inquired of the painter's porter, in a voice loud enough to be overheard, "Has that fellow Gainsborough finished my portrait?" Ushered into the painting-room, he beheld his picture. After expressing his approbation, he requested it might be sent home at once, adding, "I may as well give you a cheque for the other fifty guineas." "Stay a minute," said Gainsborough, "it just wants the finishing stroke;" and such was his independent spirit, that snatching up a background brush he dashed it across the smiling features, indignantly exclaiming, "Sir, where is my fellow now!"

INGENIOUS REVENGE.—The following anecdote of Horace Vernet is amusing the Parisians. The artist was coming from Versailles to the city in the train. In the same compartment with him were two ladies whom he had never seen before, but who evidently were acquainted with him. They examined him very minutely, and commented upon him quite freely, upon his martial bearing, his hale old age, his military pantaloon, &c. The painter was annoyed, and determined to put an end to the persecution. As the train passed under the tunnel of St. Cloud, the three travelers were wrapped in complete darkness. Vernet raised the back of his hand to his mouth, and kissed it twice violently. On emerging from the obscurity he found that the ladies had withdrawn their attention from him, and were accusing each other of having been kissed by a man in the dark. As they arrived at Paris, Vernet, on leaving them, said "Ladies, I shall be puzzled all my life by the inquiry, which of these two ladies was it that kissed me?"

Mr. SWINBURNE, in his new book, is always talking of scorching kisses, and says of one of his peculiar heroines:

"I dare not always touch her, lest the kiss
Leave my lips charred."

One of his critics suggests that there is a parallel to this in literature, in the case of the well known monkey, who

"Married the baboon's sister,
Smacked his lips and then he kissed her.
Kissed so hard he raised a blister:
She set up a yell."

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

"Norma," as given at the Orient Theatre, Madrid, with the sisters Marchisio, Naudin, and Medini, as principals, received incessant enthusiastic acclamations. So both public and those artists rejoiced.

Gade's new work, "Les Croises," is divided into three parts—In the Desert—Armide—and Jerusalem—the subject being the deliverance of that city.

Rucken's war lieds for a male quartet have been sung at Schewerin with great success and they will soon be published in that city.

Berlin's operatic attractions will be increased by a new and very celebrated danseuse from Italy. She is called Mlle. Girot.

Mlle. Artot is reported to have excited great enthusiasm at Leipsic by her performance of Rosina—"Il Barbiere"—and to have produced immense effect thereby.

Malaga still revels in operatic delight from the performance there of La Spezia, Bignardi and Garcia, who are lauded immensely.

Roger yet traverses in opera Northern Prussia and retains the success which marked his Berlin campaign.

Esser has published another suite called "Le Mineur," which is highly praised by Mayence critics.

Meiningen concert givers now restrict their programme so that all is accomplished in about ninety minutes.

Salvi, who manages Vienna's Court Opera, will try over Germany for cheap yet good choristers. Merelli's operatic season there commenced with Rossini's "Mose," the principal rôles being taken by Giovanoni, Zandrino, Corsi, Rota and Rossi.

Trieste's opera is up for a bidder, with a subvention of 56000 florins in silver. The company who commenced this season are now with Merelli at Vienna.

Mme. Beringer, from Dessau, is engaged for Berlin's "Royal Opera."

In a recent Gewandhaus concert at Leipsic, A. Rubenstein's "Ocean" symphony was performed with two additional movements—Adagio and Scherzo—and beside that attraction they had a new singer of high repute, Mme. Wernicke-Bridgemann.

At Wiesbaden's opera, Adolph Adam's comic opera, "The Brewer of Preston," has been successfully revived.

In a recent "Enterpe" concert at Leipsic, Auer, of Hamburg, obtained enormous applause by his three violin solos, and especially for Paganini's variations.

Alfred Jaell traverses Switzerland in triumphant style and his estimation there is exceedingly high.

Brussel's "Royal" opera prospers with "Lara," and "les Monténégrins" so well as to induce a trial of "Mignon." Mlle. Daniele and Mons, Jourdan are extravagantly praised there.

Mme. Balbi appears to be making a great sensation in opera just now, before French and German publics, and is therefore solicited ear-

nestly to help out feeble opera companies in other parts of Europe, but she prefers to remain with a company that suits her well.

Ernst Reyer succeeds d'Ortigue as musical critic of *le Journal du Debats*, Paris.

In a recent soiree at Rossini's, Agnesé, Mlle. Reboux, Albert Lavignac and Theo. Lack were enthusiastically applauded for their performance, and two new compositions by Rossini were successfully launched with a verdict of merit as real *chefs d'œuvre*.

Haydn's "Seasons" would appear by some Parisian criticisms to have been remarkably well performed at "l'Athénée."

Joachim is declared by some critics to have eclipsed all preceding violin players in Mendelssohn's concerto, as played by him in that hall, but others demur with complaint of his cold, unsympathetic style, and evidently consider his popularity in Paris very short lived because he lacks fire and plays in excessively monotonous fashion.

There is dissent, also, to praise for Pasdeloup's direction of and the performance under his baton of "The Seasons." Plain speaking critics denouncing the whole affair in strong terms for gross imperfections. All concur in praising Duprez's daughter for her share therein.

Those bold writers even dare to question Adelina Patti's asserted triumph as Gilda—Rigoletto—and positively aver that her dramatic ability does not attain rôles in *opera seria*. Such audacity in speaking truth would here be visited with a storm of abuse upon the critic. In Paris it would seem that more freedom is allowed to criticism than in republican New York. Those critics specify Patti's defects for such music in clear language, and censure not merely her evident lack of force in certain dramatic passages, but her mutilating the score by omitting what did not please her fancy to execute. Nicolini had a positive success in the Duke; so decided, in fact, as to place him next to Mario. Villaret's performance of Vasco di Gama is highly lauded by those critics, and now Parisians aver that Meyerbeer originally designated him for that rôle in a letter confided to Perrin's care.

"Mignon" has a good run at l'Opera Comique and journals teem with encomiums upon the principals in that opera—Galli—Marie—Cabel—Archard—Couderc and Bataille.

"Sardanapale" is finished, and while in study for *Le Lyrique*, has so far become known that great lyric excellence is ascribed to it by parties cognizant.

Bazzini, an eminent violinist, has written an opera called "Taranda" for the carnival season at La Scala, which is expected to make a hit there.

Mapleson's new opera house in Leicester Square—London—is estimated to cost \$500,000 in gold currency, but if so large as reported, will, no doubt, finally cost, at least double that amount.

Fraschini has been finally persuaded by the Royal Opera manager at Madrid to sing "Roberto il Diavolo" there with Penco and Selva. He is now so far advanced that so daring a ven-